MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY

Vol. XXXV. OCTOBER, 1891. No. 6

PUBLISHED AT THE INSTITUTION,

155 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

The Five Points House of Industry.

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Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give devise and bequeath unto The Five Points House of Industry, *in the City of New York, (incorporated A. D. 1854,) the sum of* *dollars.*

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry,

EDITED BY WM. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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THE INFLUENCES

of street life need not be dilated upon to any resident of a city, and if to those be added the absence of any counter stream at home is it at all surprising that so many children go wrong? It is a delicate and difficult task to train a child in the home and it is a sad sight, all to frequent, to behold a son of godly parents going in the way of evil in spite of christian precept in the home circle. A friend of ours mourns grievously over the lapse from moral rectitude of some of his children, and bewails the evil influences of some street companions which have led them astray. If then good home life cannot surely keep the feet in the right path what chances have hundreds of children who have no home life at all? It is with the latter class that we have to deal and we are more and more impressed with the wonderful way the Lord has blessed the House of Industry in the matter of right living, for we know there are many indeed who are walking in the sure path because of what they have learned here. We are therefore convinced that it is by no means the worst thing that can happen to a child to have to live in an institution where they have to come in daily contact with Bible teaching and exposed to the minimun of stree-tlife influence.

(*For the Record.*)

REVIEW OF SUMMER.

The sun has sunk behind the distant wood,
From whose soft outline rises the tall spire;
The tranquil west is melting in a flood
Of crimson light, and yellow flames of fire.

It is the last of Summer's setting suns,
The Autumn enters with the morrow morn:
Alas, how swiftly the year's current runs,
How many joys are on its waters borne!

The merry May, with garlands of rich bloom,
Dogwood and cherry, white as new-fallen snow;
Hawthorn and lilac, whose fresh sweet perfume
Is breathing memories of long ago:

And ardent generous June, with loving heart
Planning rare pleasures for the young and old;
While simply to gaze on her is to start
Fresh thoughts of beauty, and desires untold:

And warm July, when it is bliss enough
To watch the bright clouds piling up the sky;
And listen to the winds, now loud and rough,
Then murmuring low their forest lullaby:

And August with its grand and calm repose;
Its sadness, haunting one, we know not why—
Unless it is that Summer dearer grows,
As every shortened August day flies by.

And though assured another year will bring
The same months, with their individual charms,
Yet to the fading present, do we cling,
And clasp it till it dies within our arms.

—*Caroline May.*

THE BOY WITH THE KODAK.

John and his sister Flora were sitting on the grass playing jack-stones. It seemed impossible for these two children to play together for any length of time without having—what their big sister named—their "difference." Across the street stood a large hotel, always well filled during the summer months with people who came to enjoy the sweet country air and to tan themselves on the lakes until their faces looked like mulattoes.

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his hand he carried a curious-looking box. He coolly stepped over the low iron fence that surrounded the yard, and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them. He did not seem inclined to talk, so the game proceeded the same as if he had not been there. Flora was tossing the jack-stones when John exclaimed:

"There! that's a miss!"

"Well, it wasn't but a little one," said Flora, holding it away from his outstretched hand.

"A miss is a miss, big or little," said John, getting very much in earnest. "Come, hand it over. It's my turn."

But Flora only shook her head defiantly, and put her hand behind her.

"You're a cheat, that's what you are!" exclaimed John angrily.

At this, Flora raised her hand and struck her brother on the arm. He resented it by making an ugly grimace at her.

Snap, snap, went the box in the stranger boy's hand.

Both turned in wondering surprise.

"What makes that thing do that? What is it anyhow?" John demanded.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said the tall boy, and stepping over the fence he walked quietly away.

"Queer chap, isn't he?" said John, looking after him uneasily.

Next day when they were playing in the yard, they saw the tall boy again crossing the street, but this time he had some cards in his hands.

"Here, sis," said he holding one toward Flora. She took it curiously, gazed at it in blank amazement, then her face flamed with shame and mortification.

There she was, photographed, her clinched fist raised, and in the act of striking her brother, while on her face was a most unbecoming expression of rage and revenge. Never before had she seen herself in a passion. Her mirror always reflected her face when in a complacent mood, which at such times was not uncomely. She had no idea it could become thus transformed.

John stood silently looking at it over her shoulder. The tall boy then handed the other card to John.

He would have laughed outright had is not been a photograph of himself. The deep frown and the distorted features were anything but pleasant to look upon. He felt deeply chagrined and humbled.

"You see, I took you yesterday when you were fighting," explained the boy, leaning against the fence. "You fight a great deal, don't you? I have tried several times to take you from my window across the street, but failed. Kodaks are getting to be quite common playthings now-a-days. We shall have to tidy up our manners, for there's no knowing when we are going to be photographed. I have a stack of pictures of people who little dream that I have photographed them in all their moods and tenses. It's a fine way to study human nature. You may keep those pictures," and, so saying, he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each other in shamefaced silence. One could not exult over the other. The defeat was for both of them.

"Say, Flora," said John at length, "let's don't fight any more."

"I won't if you won't," answered Flora, who stood regarding her picture with decided ill-favor.

Ever after that day, when they felt that they were getting angry, the remembrance of a picture which their sister had tacked up in each room caused them to change their tactics instantly.—*Advance.*

WILLIE was very fond of raisins, but in his childish vocabulary the fruit was known as "reasons." Sitting demurely in church one Sunday he was quite delighted to hear the clergyman say in the course of his sermon; "I will give you my reasons later." When at the close of the sermon the contribution plate was being passed he was sure the promised treat was forthcoming, and it was a much perplexed and disappointed little boy who said after the service: "Mr. S——said he would give us some reasons, but when they passed the plate there wasn't a reason on it!"

MABEL'S LESSON.

Low, brown farmhouse, oak-tree shaded—
Reapers far away
Mowing swaths of noisy clamor
From the silence of the day.

River, flashing back the sunshine
Where the lilies float,
Rocks with tempting, swaying motion
Mabel's empty boat.

Grandma, in the kitchen doorway,
Mabel, on the grass,
Watch the shadows swiftly flitting
As the robins pass.

Mabel, with her broad hat swinging
From one strong, brown arm,
Pushes back the damp locks clinging
To her forehead warm.

"What a lovely day!" and grandma
Looks from tree to sky;
"Every summer seems more perfect
Than the one gone by."

"Yes, that's true!" sighs weary Mabel,
While before her eyes
Thoughts of churning, baking, ironing,
In confusion rise.

"Wood and sky and stream are lovely
As could e'er be found,
But I never have, in summer,
Time to turn around!"

Grandma smiles as fretful Mabel
Taps the dewy ground—
Answers softly, "Why, then, Mabel,
Turn half-way around!"

Mabel, quick to catch the lesson,
Smooths her frown away,
Keeps through busy years the picture
Of that summer day.

Though the white hair, soft and wavy,
And the furrowed face
Have escaped the homely setting
Of the dear old place—

Mabel hears the cheery lesson
Whispered o'er and o'er;
Sees, e'en in life's harshest labor,
Beauty's golden ore.

— *M. Lillian Thompson, in Golden Rule.*

AN OFFICE INCIDENT.

A WOMAN with a little three year old child by the hand comes to seek shelter for herself and child. She has a husband who prefers drink to work, and although he is a competent salesman of silk goods, and has had good situations in prominent dry goods stores in the city, he loses one place after another by his fatal appetite. The couple were married in the old country where they once had some property but his enemy devoured store, home, and money and he came here only to continue his evil way.

The woman is frail and evidently not used to hard work, but rum has no pity on any condition and so she is homeless seeking shelter. Her lips quiver as she tells her story of neglect and want and she very pertinently asks "Isn't it a shame for my husband to treat me so?" We answer in the affirmative and then, like all others who hate the cursed rum traffic, we fall to thinking of the wretchedness which the awful monster of intemperance is causing. But the law licenses the traffic and makes itlegal and so we must be still or else be numbered among the fanatics.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

It is very necessary that we should practice what we preach to our children. An apt lesson in politeness was taught a mother by her child a few days since at the seashore. The mother had been endeavoring to teach the little one to say "thank you" and "please," words which she was too apt to forget at the proper time and place. One of these precept lessons had just been given, when the child's attention was attracted to a pretty shell on the beach quite near where the mother was sitting. The child was filled with delight as she stooped down and picked it up, and naturally her first impulse was to have the loved mother share her joy.

"See what I've found, mamma. I'm going to give it to you," she said, as the pink shell was carefully laid in the mother's hand.

"It is lovely, my dear," replied the mother, as she transferred it to a bag hanging on her arm; "we will take it home with us."

The little girl stood beside the mother with a disappointed look on her face. After a short time she said, "Mamma, haven't you forgotten something?"

The mother did not know that she had forgotten anything. "What is it?" she queried.

"Mamma, you did not say 'thank you,'"

The mother's face was suffused with blushes, as she said before the large party of children who had congregated there, "I beg your pardon, my child. I was very forgetful of my good manners, and at fault this time myself. *Thank you* for the pretty shell."

Some mothers labor with their children to have them say "please" when they ask for anything, but they themselves will often say, "Mary, go and get my scissors, John, bring me a chair," and the right kind of teaching, by way of example, is entirely lost. Precept is one thing, example another, and example is the much more effective teaching of the two. In all dealings with children we should be careful of the "little things" which mar the good results we long for. The friar who preached honesty with a stolen goose under his arm, was not an effective preacher; some bright eyes looked under the sleeve of his own gown and saw the feathers of the goose. Jennie could not understand how her mother could kiss the lady at the front door and tell her she was so glad to see her, when only a few moments before she heard her say to Aunt Emeline, "Here comes that horrid Mrs. Brown. She's such a tiresome talker that I always dread her coming."

There are no brighter eyes than those of children, and no keener wits at work than those they use in their wide-awake brains. The little ones penetrate under disguises of company manners and pious preaching; they know the true from the false. They soon learn to distinguish the true politeness, that has its seat in the heart, from the heartless conventionalities of life.

In our own lives let us remember that the Golden Rule forms the basis of all true politeness under all circumstances, and that the charity which covers the failing of others, and always causes us to do as we would be done by, is the true rule for us to live by in our homes and in the society of the world.

—*S. T. P., in Evangelist.*

THE SONG OF THE MOWING MACHINE.

I RATTLE among the long green grass,
I clatter amid the clover,
I wander away through meadows fair—
The bluebird's my fellow-rover—
I play in and out 'mid apple trees,
'Neath bowers of golden green.
Oh! there never was song so merry to hear
As the song of the mowing machine.

When the sun hangs low in the burning sky
And the birds are singing of morning,
The tall green grasses all tremble with fear
As they hear my musical warning.
Like conquering host on field of war
I march through their ranks of green.
Oh! there never was song so merry to hear
As the song of the mowing machine.

I rattle among the long green grass,
I clatter amid the clover,
Lord of the harvest field am I,
The whole broad country over.
In orchard and meadow, on hillside fair,
Wherever the grass waves green
You will hear my melodious rattle-ty-bang,
The song of the mowing machine.

—*M. M. Leavitt, in Lewiston Journal*

MORE REWARDS.

A YOUNG colored woman called to see us. Twenty years ago she was a twelve year old girl in the House of Industry. A family in one of the towns of Ulster Co., this State, took her into their family, agreeing to care for her. She had a good home, she says, and staid until she was of age. The gentlemen, as per agreement, gave her one hundred dollars and she started out in life for herself. She married and is settled in one of the interior large towns, where her husband, who is a hatter, earns a good living at his trade.

C. B. was a girl of twelve years whom we sent to a home in Minnesota eight years ago. She had a pretty bad temper, and for some little time the reports from her were not good ones at all. She has just been in to see us to inquire as to the whereabouts of a younger brother. She looks well, says she has had a good home in Kansas, and the people have made her one of the family, sent her to school, and treated her very kindly. The lady paid her way East to visit her aunt, but she doesn't want to stay here and will go back in a few weeks to her old home. She has seen her father and finds he is no better than when he left her and two brothers here, and she wants nothing to do with him. The brother she inquired for is here, as he was returned from his last home in Nebraska, and we told her she might take him with her to the West if she could find him a good home.

These recurring visits of grown-up proteges are sources of great encourgement to us and we are sure our readers will share with us in the pleasure of knowing that we see of the fruit of our labors now and here.

PROGRESSIVE TRADING.

"Please, sir," said a young man to the foreman of a paving gang in Selby avenue, "will you give me one of those round cedar blocks?"

"Those blocks belong to the city, my boy. If you are a tax-payer they are as much yours as mine, but you don't look like a tax-payer. However, I'll give you one if you will tell me what you want it for."

"I want to cover it with carpet and make a hassock."

"What do you want of a hassock? You ain't a married man."

"Oh! no, sir; but I can trade the hassock for a bird-cage to Mrs. Brown. Her bird is dead."

"But what do you want of a bird-cage without a bird?"

"Oh, I don't want the cage; but I found out that I could trade the cage for an oxidized picture frame."

"There it is again. What good is a picture-frame without any picture?"

"But Mr. Oliver has got a picture of Gen. Sheridan, and he said he would trade me a hanging-lamp for a good oxidized frame for it."

"So it's the lamp you want?"

"No; I've got no particular use for a lamp, but I can trade a good hanging-lamp for a Persian rug, and I can trade the rug, for a Mexican parrot, and Tom Higbie will trade me his banjo for the parrot. See?—it's the banjo I'm after."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

VERY POOR.

One of the children who comes to our day-school was noticed putting bread in her pocket to carry away. On being asked why, she said her mamma had nothing to eat and asked her to bring home some bread. Our visitor went to investigate and found the story was literally true. He reported that he had not, in all his experience, visited so desolate a family. A table was all the furniture in the room. Boxes served for chairs and the floor for a bed. A man, wife, and two children were the family. He had no employment, he is a day laborer. She could get no work, and little by little their household goods had been disposed of. They were living on bread and water, but had a scarcity of bread. We at once supplied them with some groceries and furniture and also arranged for the present to give bread daily. The children were destitute of clothing and so we had the necessary articles supplied for them. It is a very rare thing, even in the depths of winter, that we meet so distressing a case, and never before in the Summer. So much the more need for all-the-year-round open doors of the House of Industry.

THE PRIVATE'S GLORY.

SWEET little Major, he mounts my knee,
And the tender blue eyes look at me,
"Tell me, Popsie, just once more,
What did you do when you went to war?"

And then I tell of the autumn day
When the Forty-seventh marched away;
How Cromwell died at Jackson town,
And Miles on Corinth field went down.

"But how many 'Fed'rates, tell me true
Did you kill then and the whole war through?"
So I tell him then, with eager zest,
How Joe Reed blew up a limber chest.

But the Major sticks to his question still,
"How many 'Fed'rates did you kill!"
So I tell him how, near the set of the sun
The charge was made and the battle won.

And how, the day McClure was shot,
When Vicksburg's fight was fierce and hot,
Brave Sam Law took C company in
Through flame and smoke and the batteries' din.

How over our head the battle broke
With screamig shell and sabre stroke.
And he wanted to know, the little elf,
"But how many men did you kill yourself?

Say, tell me, Popsie, say you will,—
How many 'Fed'rates did you kill?"
So I told him the truth as near as might be—
As many of them as they did of me.

—*Robert Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

MISSIONARY REPORT.

DURING the past month I made 317 visits, and 73 new scholars have been brought in to our school. Many, whose children have lately been attending other schools, which are now closed for the Summer, have been surprised to learn that our school would be open all the year, and have sent their little ones to us. They have been still more surprised to know that we not only protect them from the dangers of the street, and impart to them a sound secular education, but that we also feed them, and look after all their physical necessities. The excursions on the water which our inside and outside children have enjoyed have been much talked of by the parents, of the children, and a day of pure air and beautiful scenery has been more to those poor children, from their entombed homes, than it could possibly be to those who live in the more favorable part of our great city. The Summer has its disadvantages as well as the winter for our poor people. Crowded together in small, dark, unventilated apartments, they spend many hot sleepless nights and many days of painful and sometimes prolonged exhaustion. We have, during the past few weeks, through the kindness of some friends, been enabled to send some boys and girls for a two weeks vacation in the country, this work has been carried on quietly, through private funds, and quite separate from that grand work being accomplished by the

Tribune. We have also sent a few poor women in our neighborhood to homes for the Summer, we trust to be enabled to keep this work up till the end of the season. In every case those who have been sent away have expressed the pleasure and satisfaction which it has given them.

The month opened with a sad illustration of the danger of the streets. One of our outside scholars, who ought to have been inside the House of Industry was run over and killed by a passing horse-car. The warm weather is a great temptation to the boys to be on the streets, perhaps we ought not to blame them, but they are surrounded by dangers from which they are protected while in our school or while enjoying themselves in our capacious school-yard.

I met a woman who had taken her boy away from school some time ago to put him to work. She said the boy was not strong and he had to give up, she was desirous for us to take him back again as she herself had to be out working every day.

Visited a home where the man lay dying, his wife was in great grief. He had at one time been a heavy drinker and had often got into trouble while under the influence of drink. Sometime ago he gave up drink entirely and was so opposed to it that he could not be induced to take it as a stimulant by the doctor's advice. Shortly after my visit he passed peacefully away, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Visited a home where, for many years, the father had been a hard drinking man and had neglected his home and his family, and where everything around that home was the picture of desolation and misery. He has now reformed, the home is neat and comfortable and the children are better looking and happier than ever before. One of the saddest features of our work is to witness the sad scenes caused by the appetite for strong drink in the men and women of many of the homes we visit ; and when a man or woman overcomes this terrible temptation by the grace of God, we cannot help rejoicing as we witness the change for the better in the humble home.

Met a well dressed, ladylike young woman who recognized me and spoke of the time when her father had threatened to kill them all while in a frenzied state through drink. She said that now everything was very different, that they were all happy and trying to live daily nearer to God. She felt that she could never

thank God enough for His wonderful love in answering their prayers for her father's conversion.

Spoke to a poor man on crutches who had been lame for a long time, through an accident while in discharge of his duties. I asked him how he was, his answer was "I am standing on the promises of God," he then said "not only standing but resting on them." He said the Lord had taken care of him in his almost helpless state, and he knew He would keep him all right. Precious faith.

My attention was called by a lady missionary to a man whom she was taking to the Christian Home in Eighty-sixth St. He had been a terror to his miserable home, and his wife and children hid at the sound of his footsteps. This man when sober was as gentle and kind as could be, and was desirous of giving up this terrible evil. We are trusting that God will answer our prayers in his behalf and that when he again returns to his home he will be a new creature in Christ Jesus.—"He is able to save to the uttermost."

We are always encouraged in our work when we visit a place where we receive a hearty welcome. Such a home we have just visited, where the father and mother and family are in full sympathy with our work, and where their conversation not only shows their interest, but reveals the fact that they themselves belong to the household of faith. The father is a shoemaker and is always cheerful and happy, the mother is a hard working, do-good-to-everybody woman, and the family are growing up in their footsteps, which will make them good and useful members of society. We wish there were many more such homes and such people to cheer us on our way. M. R. B.

Extract from a Bride's Letter of Thanks.—"Your beautiful clock was received, and is now in the parlor on our mantel-piece, where we hope to see you often."—*Harper's Magazine.*

There is some act that you are questioning about to-morrow or to-day. If Jesus were at hand, you would go out and ask him, "Is it thy will that I should do it, O my Lord?" Can you not ask him now? Is the act right Would he do it? Will it help your soul? It is not often that a man really is in doubt who seriously wants to know the answer to any of these questions. And if the answer to them all is "Yes!" then it is just as truly his command that you should do that act as if his gracious figure stood before your sight and his finger visibly pointed to the task.—*Phillips Brooks, D.D.*

NOTHING TO SHOW.

"My day has all gone"—'twas a woman who spoke,
As she turned her face to the sunset glow—
"And I have been busy the whole day long;
Yet for my work there is nothing to show."

No painting nor sculpture her hand had wrought;
No laurel fame her labor had won.
What was she doing in all the long day,
With nothing to show at the set of sun?

What was she doing? Listen; I'll tell you
What she was doing in all the long day;
Beautiful deeds too many to number;
Beautiful deeds in a beautiful way,—

Womanly deeds that a woman may do,
Trifles that only a woman can see,
Wielding a power unmeasured, unknown,
Wherever the light of her presence might be.

She had rejoiced with those who rejoiced,
Wept with the sad, and strengthened the weak;
And a poor wanderer, straying in sin,
She in compassion had gone forth to seek.

Unto the poor her aid had been given,
Unto the weary the rest of her home;
Freely her blessings to others were given,
Freely and kindly to all who had come.

Humbly and quietly all the long day
Had her sweet service for others been done;
Yet for the labor of heart and of hand
What could she show at set of the sun?

Ah, she forgot that our Father in heaven
Ever is watching the work that we do,
And records He keeps of all we forget!
Then judges our work with judgment that's true.

For an angel writes down in a volume of gold
The beautiful deeds that all do below,
Though nothing she had at the set of the sun,
The angel above had something to show.

—*Mary H. Rowland, in Herald of Peace.*

THE REV. O. R. BOUTON,

who has been for the past seven years Superintendent of the Mission across the way from us, died on Sept. 1, after several weeks illness, aged 62 years. He was a clergyman of the Methodist Church and had filled several pastorates, and also was at one time the President of a college in Missouri. He was an energetic man and devoted himself enthusiastically to his work in managing the affairs of the Mission.

The Mission, as many of our readers know, is under the direction of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has day and Sunday Schools, and also a church attached to its organization. Mr. Bouton was the fourth Supt. which the Mission has had since we assumed charge of the House of Industry, two of whom have died in the service. The Five Points is not a locality noted for its healthful atmosphere and the trying air, added to the exacting duties of the position were too great a tax on Mr. Bouton's strength.

As one after another of workers at the Five Points departs, we realize how the years are flying and how soon our work here will be over.

WISHING.

"I WISH I had an eagle's sight!"
Said Johnnie with a radiant look,
As all sat round the evening light,
Each occupied with work or book.
"Then on far Eifel Tower I'd stand,
And view the wonders of each land."

"But you've no ship to cross the sea!"
Cried little May in quick reply;
"And if you had, how sick you'd be!"
"I'd take the eagle's wings and fly—
Then on and on, o'er hill and plain,
Right round the world and home again."

"Pshaw! eyes and wings!" sneered sturdy Dan;
"I'd choose, if I a choice could make,
A lion's strength." "And I," said Nan,
"The lily's breath and beauty take."
Then sweet-toothed Nell piped, "For my part,
Give me from bees the honey art."

Wishing ran wild. We all were gay.
Mother sat sewing, weary-faced;
Small time had she for books and play,
So many stitches must be placed.
Old pussy stretched, lazy and fat,
Close at her feet, upon the mat.

"Mother," called Dan, "'tis your turn now!
What would you take, had you the chance?"
She pushed the glasses up her brow
And gave us all a kindly glance:
"Well, if I could, and 'twas no crime,
"I'd take," she said, "the cat's spare time.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE SUMMER IS OVER,

and our friends, who have had their recreation at seashore and on mountainside, will be returning home now, and we hope with health very much renewed. Doubtless many have determined to do more for the comfort of others than they have ever done before. The numerous guilds and societies will begin their winter labors for the poor and the subjects of charity will be a more familiar topic than for the past three months. With all the energy which will be expended there will also, we trust, result a corresponding gain to the workers, in the consciousnes of doing a service for the Master. The House of Industry offers a field for the exercise of the charitable desire of our readers and we shall be very glad indeed if a large number avail themselves of the opportunity. We have a family of about three hundred who are constantly with us and that number requires a stack of clothing and large quantities of food and other necessaries of life, for which we are partly depending upon the gifts of our friends. May we beg, therefore, that our good friends will continue their benefactions to us, for the Winter, which will doubtless fill our house with inmates, will soon be here.

WE are never without help. We have no right to say of any good work, "It is to hard for me to do, or of any sorrow, It is to hard for me to bear, of any sinful habit, It is to hard for me to overcome.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

WAS DEEPLY IMPRESSED.

One of our recent Sunday visitors asked us if we knew how a lady who died recently and left us a legacy became interested in the House of Industry. He said that the lady had heard of our Sunday afternoon Service of Song and wanted to visit us. As she was old and somewhat infirm he offered to accompany her.

She came several times and was exceedingly interested in our children. Soon after returning to her Rhode Island home she made her will and in making out a list of the charitable objects she wished to aid she decided on the House of Industry as one.

The gentleman suggested that there might be those who have money to bequeath who would give it to us if some friend would write them to visit us at the time of our Sunday Service. We commend the suggestion for the consideration of any who may have the opportunity to put it in practice.

A BOY GROWN UP.

Young people rarely realize, when criticising their elders, that the traits or habits that seem to them obnoxious were formed in early life. If their manners are rude, if they lack tact, if they are not well informed, it is because they have not made use of their opportunities. Manners are the truest indication of character. A discourteous person is both careless and selfish, for the best manners are but the expression of the golden rule ; they are the card of introduction to strangers. A friend can introduce you to good society, but he cannot keep you there ; that depends upon yourself. A boy of kindly nature is rarely rude. A boy of selfish nature is polite only when his own desires are not interfered with. Every man is the result of his own boyhood and youth. If he has read good books, kept himself informed of passing events, he becomes what the world terms a well-informed, intelligent man. If he has wasted his time in trifling conversation, read only sensational books and papers, neglected to develope that talent which he surely possesses, he becomes a superficial, a tiresome, if not wicked man. If as a boy he has not cultivated the graces and amenities of life, he cannot expect to become that most delightful of men—a polished gentleman. If as a boy he has not studied to avoid collisions with those about him, has not recognized the rights of others, has not cultivated a desire to lead men to higher motives, to give to others the benefit of his own opportunities, he becomes that most unfortunate person, a tactless man—a nuisance wherever people are brought together. One of the lessons every boy can learn, is to watch those men who arouse adverse criticism, and carefully avoid their habits, both of mind and body. Remember the old adage, "By others' faults correct your own."—*Christian Union.*

A TRUST SONG.

Better a smile than a sigh, dear,
Better a kiss than a frown;
Better a look toward the sky, dear,
Than to always be looking down.

Better in time of trouble
A song of hope and cheer,
Than a heart that broods o'er sorrow,
And makes that sorrow dear.

The joys we find to-day, dear,
Perhaps seem poor and small.
But better a little sun, dear,
Than to have no sun at all.

Then make the most of the present
And its little joys, I say;
For what is here we have, dear,
But to-morrow is far away.

So look in my face and smile, dear,
And sing a cheerful song;
It never is worth our while, dear,
To help life's worries along.

We have love and we have each other,
And God, who is kind and true;
And we'll hope for the best, and trust the rest.
To Him, life's journey through.

—*Exchange.*

NOT WELL PLEASED.

We endeavor to discharge the duties of our position in as conscientious a manner as we possibly can, and hope we have as little of the perfunctory spirit as is possible. While we have frequent commendatory letters, yet we find that we are by no means exempt from the general experience that one cannot please everybody in all things. Some of our children think we might let them have liberty to do as they please, some who visit us think that they could arrange things better, and not infrequently we are abused by words because we do not dispense charity to suit some would-be recipients. We are not perfect nor do we pretend to be infallible, but we have the consciousness of having tried to do right as God has given us the ability to see the right. While we should be glad to have the praise of all men, yet we can hardly stultify our conscience to obtain it, and so we shall endeavor, with God's help, to do as near His will as we have strength.

The above is suggested by a letter which intimates that the writer, with some others, is dissatisfied with some feature of our work which is not mentioned and disapproves of some action of ours which we felt called on to take.

The father of a family. Becoming annoyed at the fault-finding of his children over their food, exclaimed in a rage one day at dinner: "You children are intolerable; you turn up your nose at everything. When I was a boy I was glad enough to get dry bread to eat." "Poor papa!" said Rose, the pet of the family, "I am so glad you are having such nice times now living with mamma and us."—*Exchange.*

APPLES AND POTATOES,

We have already been kindly remembered by quite a number of our friends who have sent us several barrels of apples. Our children are very fond of the fruit. A most delicious meal can be made for them, which they frequently prefer to meat, by cooking the apples with a crust and making thereby an eatable pot pie. Perhaps there are others of our readers who can, with little or no effort, procure for us gifts of apples or potatoes out of the plentiful harvest this year, and so we write to suggest how very acceptable such gifts would be to us. We will be very glad to pay freight for such donations, if our friends feel that they can only send the material. A letter at the time of shipment will tell us of the expected donation, and we can be ready with our team to cart the barrels here.

GETTING THE NEWS.

A little old woman with a basket of pin pyramids on her arm came along Grand street the other day to where a newsboy was standing, and as soon as his "holler" had ended she said:

"Be a good lad, now, and read me the news. I've got a son in Chicago who hasn't written me for many a long day, and I'm worried for fear he's sick or been hurted."

"Hain't no time, aunty."

"Oh! now! I'm old and poor and want news from my son Thomas. Just read me a wee bit and I'll wish you the best of luck."

The boy laid down all his papers but one, and opening that he searched about for a moment and then began to read:

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT—Southern District of New York.—In the matter of the application of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States of America by the attorney of the said United States in and for the Southern District of New York, relative to acquiring title by the said United States to all those lands situated in the said Southern District of New York, and contained in the block bounded on the north by the Bowling Green, on the east by Whitehall St., on the south by Bridge St., and —

"That will do, sonny," interrupted the woman as she lifted up her basket. "You are a foine reader, you are, and you have a good heart besides. It is a great relief to me to find that my Thomas is all right, and this very thing might bring me a letter. Thankee ever so much."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Keeping Christ's commandments keeps the eye clear and the temper sweet and the will submissive and the affection pure; in these lies the rich reward.

—*T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

GOD'S VALENTINE.

FLOATED out to my ear from the play-room floor,
A voice as soft as the breeze in the pines,
"Dear Dod, I'll never be naughty some more
If you'll take my heart for a valentine."

And I, curious, peeped through the door ajar
To watch the act, with the words in chime,
And with clasped hands, kneeling before her chair,
She was offering God a valentine.

—*Selected.*

Money Received for Record, from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1891.

A. C. Tenney, Boston, Mass.....$ 1 00
Geo. F. Anger.....$ 1 00

Money Received from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1891.

Only a very little.....$ 1 00
H. Stearns, No. Amherst, Mass..... 2 00
Mrs. J. S. Butler, Plainfield, Mass.... 1 00
Mrs. W. H. Munn..... 10 00
Dr. J. H. Kellogg..... 1 00
Homer Merriam, Springfield, Mass... 50 00
H. A. Bogert.....$5 00
W. J. Watson, Gage, N. Y..... 3 00
Mrs. Capt. B. K. Roberts, Fort Canby, Wash..... 2 00
Sunday Collections..... 57 92

Donations of Food, Clothing, Etc., from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1891.

Anger, Geo. F., 203 E. Houston st., 2 bbls. bread
Barney, Mrs. Hiram, Kings Bridge, N. Y., case clothing and apples
Butler, Miss J. S., Plainfield, Mass., pkg clothing and shoes
Cattell, A. G.....pkg clothing and shoes
Cousins, J & T., 118 pairs new shoe uppers
Cushman, O. L., 385 Fourth Ave., 2½ bbls. bread and cake
Doe, N. R.....2 bbls. apples, 6 bkts. peaches
Fleischmann's Model Bakery, 140 loaves bread
Flemming, Mrs., Williamsburg, L. I., 3 pkgs. clothing and shoes
Friend.....box of picture cards
Granbery, Mrs. W. H., Irvington on Hudson, N. Y., 2 bbls. apples.
Hartford, Mrs. Eliza, pkg. clothing and papers
Henderson, Mrs. Etta, Long Branch, N. J., bag clothing and shoes
Houser, J. B., lot clothing, shoes, and hats
Judd, J. W.....pkg. clothing and shoes
Kings Daughters & Sons of the Reformed Church, Richfield, N. J., Rev. A. B. Taylor, Pastor, basket of flowers.
Leonard, Mrs. R. W., Mt. Kisco, N. Y., bbl. clothing and shoes
Mealio, W. C.....5 pkgs. felt hats
Montgomery, Mrs., box clothing and shoes
Nash, Mrs. D. H., Millington, N. J., 2 sacks apples
No name, Brooklyn, N. Y.....pkg. clothing
No name, Orange, N. J., bbl. apples and pears
No name, Plainfield, N. J., pkg. clothing and shoes
North, Mrs.....pkg. clothing
Ploeger, Maggie, St. Johns S. S., lot of papers
Potter, Mrs. O. B., Sing Sing, N. Y., 2 bbls. apples, 2 bbls. pears
Purdy, Mrs. E., 18 prs. drawers, 18 waists, 12 chemises, 11 dresses, all new and second hand clothing, etc.
Putnam, Mrs. S., 4 pkgs. clothing and shoes
Rohda, Miss M. A.....25 yards new muslin
Scofield, Miss.....13 silk neck ties for boys
Shea, Miss, 5 pkgs. clothing, hats, and shoes
Shea, Miss .....trunk of clothing
Smith, E. J .....pkg. clothing and shoes
Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, No. Amherst, Mass., 4 bbls. apples.
Stewart, Mary E., Yonkers, N. Y., pkg. papers

Objects of the Institution.

The Five Points House of Industry was founded in 1850, by the Rev. L. M. Pease, with the design of providing shelter and employment for the poor at the Five Points. It was incorporated in 1854.

At first its labors were among the adult population, furnishing work and a home to such of the wretched women as really desired to abandon their lives of guilt. There were soon added to it the features of a day-school and asylum for the shelter of children.

From a little household of thirty to forty women in 1850 the House of Industry has grown to its present proportions, little by little, as a necessity for its enlargement has seemed to demand, until, at the present time, there are gathered under its roof more than four hundred adults and children daily.

It receives women who desire situations as servants, giving them shelter until employment is found, they, meanwhile, doing the work of the Institution.

It provides a temporary home for children who are orphans or whose parents are unable to care for them.

It offers a cheap boarding place for the children of such as are able to partially support their children but who must break up their home, living at service, to earn the money to pay their way.

It admits children whose parents are sick and must go to hospital, and keeps such until the patients have recovered.

It offers the advantages of the day-school to all the children of the neighborhood, and gives such as are needy food and clothing.

It maintains, in a building newly erected for the purpose, an Infirmary and Free Dispensary for the benefit of children and adults at the Five Points.

The average cost of maintaining the Institution is about one hundred dollars per day, and for this sum the House is partly dependent upon voluntary contributions.

During its existence more than forty-two thousand children have been in its school, and there have been over twenty-seven thousand inmates.

Donations of money, second-hand clothing and shoes will be gratefully received.

Visitors are welcomed on any day.

TRUSTEES.

MORRIS K. JESUP, Pres.	GEORGE F. BETTS, Secy.	HUGH N. CAMP, Treas.
CHARLES LANIER,	DAVID S. EGLESTON,	OLIVER HARRIMAN,
GEORGE H MORGAN,	WALTER H. LEWIS,	HENRY E. HAWLEY,

BISHOP PECK. BISHOP HURST.

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"The Sweetest and Best Toned Piano Made is the Bradbury."

Dr. TALMAGE says: "Friend Smith is a Methodist, but his pianos are all orthodox: they ought to hear mine. Hells and bells adapted to morning prayers or the prayer meeting. Should have no fear in sending a Bradbury piano."

BISHOP SIMPSON says: "After a trial to test its quality for family use, I am pleased to say that it is worthy of high commendation. Its tone cannot be excelled, and its workmanship and finish are delightful."

Lead the world! OVER 17,000 IN USE. RECEIVED SEVEN PREMIUMS AND MEDALS IN FOUR WEEKS.

The best manufactured; warranted for six years. Pianos to let, rent apply if purchased. Monthly installments received for the same. Old piano taken in exchange; cash paid for the same.

The peculiar charm of this piano is its adaptation to the human voice as an accompaniment, owing to its sympathetic, mellow, yet rich and powerful singing tone.

BISHOP SIMPSON

PRESIDENT ARTHUR *has just ordered two new scale full grand Bradbury upright pianos, one for the Red Room in Executive Mansion, where he receives and entertains his friends, and the other for his house at Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C.*

Please send for Price List.

"Friend Smith: *Why will you persist in making the best piano in the market? Send me one to my home in* Plainfield. Yours truly, J. H. VINCENT."

Dr. C. H. FOWLER, Missionary Secretary, says: *"I believe you make the best piano in the United States, and hope you will always win. We are all delighted with ours, and can cheerfully recommend them."*

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